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AEGEAN ECHOES

HELEN COALE CREW



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AEGEAN ECHOES

AND OTHER VERSES

HELEN COALE CREW

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"Nescio quid nugarum"



THE POET LORE COMPANY
BOSTON

1911

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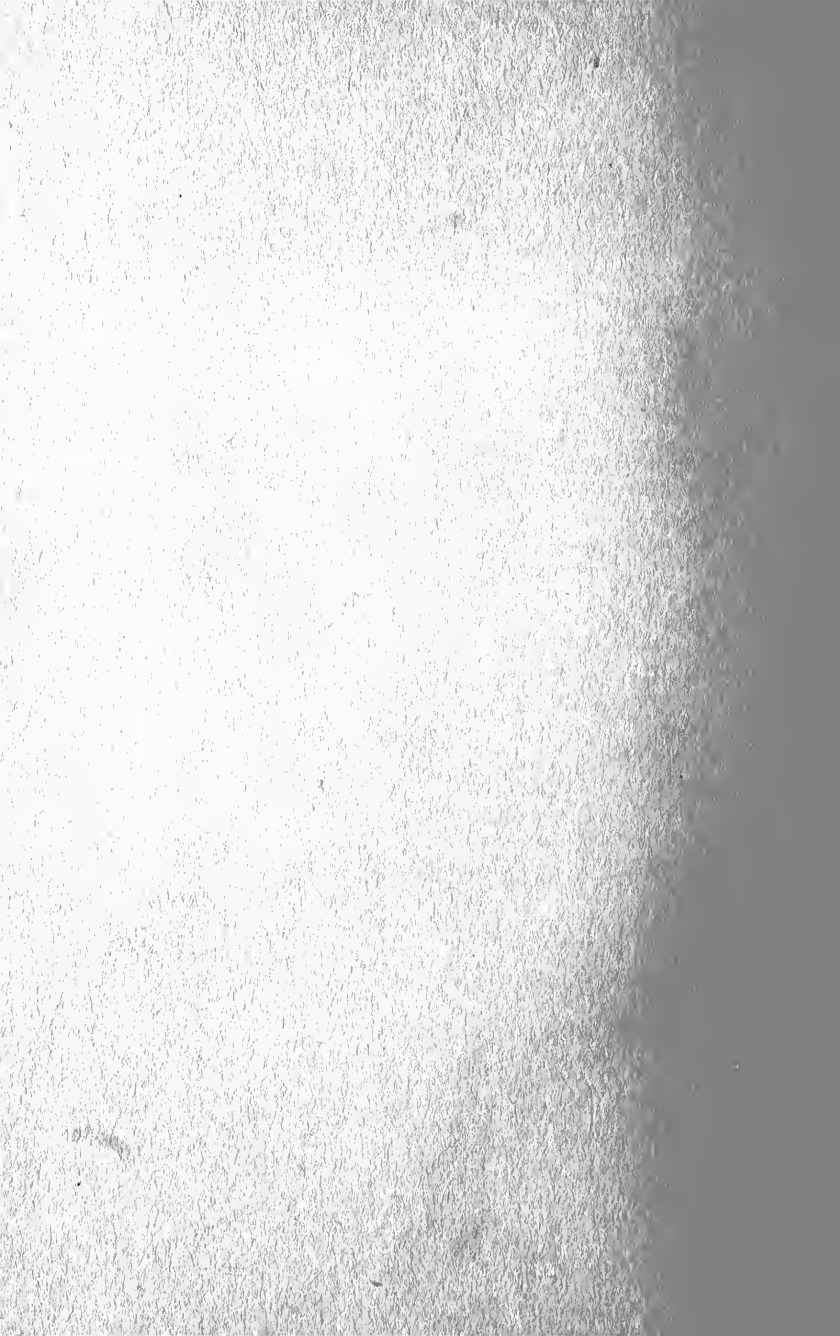
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The verses "April" and "The Mother of Sisera" have already appeared in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*; "Eileen" and "Food From Heaven" in the *Boston Cooking School Magazine*; and "Life" in *Munsey's Magazine*. Thanks are due to these magazines for permission to reprint these verses here.



The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

*My Father, My Mother, My Brothers,
These to You.*



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**AEGEAN ECHOES AND
OTHER VERSES**



ALCAEUS TO SAPPHO

Violets crown thy brow,
 Sappho! Sappho!
Aegean air fans thy dark hair
And lifts it from thy shoulders bare;
And in thine eyes
So tender-wise,
The cloudless blue of Lesbian skies.
Sweet-smiling thou,
'Neath serious brow;
And sweet as honeycomb that drips
The words fall from thy perfect lips,
 Sappho! appho!

THE CHASE

(Pictured on a Grecian Vase)

Hark! Hark! Artemis comes hither with hounds at
speed;
White arm stretching the bow taut ere the arrow
is freed;
Bright locks tossed on the breeze, bosom bared to
the sun;
Great stag driven to bay; pierced—and the chase
is won!

See there—lying at length, king of the forest is dead!
Cold, still, crimson with death, low on the grass his
head.

Tongues out, panting and hot, the hounds crouch at
her feet.

Dian, winding the horn, loosens the echoes sweet!

Fleet now as in the day when the fair vase was
made,
White-limbed now as of old, wanders the huntress
maid;
Pure still as is the moon throned in the evening
skies;
Ancient beauty of Greece; beauty that never dies!

A WIRELESS MESSAGE

Signal fires burn clear on the heights of Ida,
Burn and flash across the Aegean waters;
Flash and flame to Tenedos, with the message,
Ilion has fallen!

Answering flames on Tenedos leap up, painting
All the sky at midnight with tongues of crimson;
Lurid gleams the light in the eastern heavens,
Ilion has fallen!

Grim mount Athos, silent and watchful, brooding
O'er the wide expanse of Aegean waters,
Leaps to life and answers the flaming signal,
Passing it onward.

Fire on fire leaps up on the peaks and summits,
Flame on flame is carrying the message westward
Till the news to all the Achaeans echoes,
Ilion has fallen!

Ten long years those watchers have grimly waited;
Ten long years, with fagots prepared for lighting,
Anxious eyes have watched where the sun uprises
Out of the ocean.

Ah, what triumph! widespread the glad rejoicing!
Hearts leap up at the sight of the flaming mountains.
Leap and laugh, for Helen at last is taken,
Hector is vanquished!

Gone is Hector, gone all his mighty warriors;
Fields Elysian welcome those fallen heroes;
All of Greece rejoices, while Troy sits weeping,
Troy, in her ashes!

HYLAS

The Forest Trees

Ye winds, ye winds that stir the drowsy air,
 Hark ye to Philomel
 While she doth tell
Her sorrows in sad plainings that arise
 Even to the skies,
Where the new-risen Pleiads cast their spell,
And great Diana rises, golden fair.

Ye clouds, ye clouds that pearl the evening skies,
 Dissolve in gracious dew,
 Let Hesperus through
To hang his silver globe in sunset's glow.
 Soft murmurs grow
Where the light-whispering breezes gently woo
The swaying leaves, whereon the moonlight lies.

Hylas

How quickly falls the sun behind the hills
Whose purple heads upholds the heaven's arch;
And all the air is filled with golden dusk,
And earth is dew-besprent. Soft shadows flit
Beneath the hoary trees. Narcissus buds
Like pallid ghosts uplift their still white flames
In grassy glooms; the homing bees awing
Make myriad murmurings, which the forest leaves
Upcatch and echo where the south wind takes
Their tossing tops. Now must I haste and find
The spring, and fill my pitcher, and return
To where the godlike heroes on the shore,
On beds of rushes and of meadow grass,
Await my dripping pitcher ere they sup.

The Shadows

Come not, O Hylas, into these green depths
Afar from all the gracious beams that dart

From Phoebus' glowing car. Come not, come not!
The dread Persephone hath exit here
From sombre depths. Yea, we ourselves have slipped
From underworlds for these few moments rare
While twilight holds the earth, the air, the sky.

Hylas

Yea, I must haste me back to Hercules,
My elder brother, more than father; he
Who reared me from a child and taught me all
A man should know. Oh, I will serve him well
And imitate his actions, so I may
One day with heroes take my place and win
A goodly name for prowess and for strength.
No flowers for Aphrodite will I strew,
Nor waste the hours in pining for a maid,
But ever gird me for the battle field
And pour libation to the god of war.

Twilight

Come not, O Hylas, into these cool depths
Where shadows lurk, and every solemn tree
Is tremulous with whispers. Dian's light
Mounts slowly in the skies, and all the stars
Are flooding in a shining silver tide
Across the sunset bars. Earth's dewy tears
Lie heavy on the bracken and the sward.
Upon the darkening air the fireflies,
Swift opal lights enwrapped in wingèd husks,
Break into flashing flames that ebb and flow.
Come not, O Hylas, for the earth grows strange,
And all the air and sky a menace hold.

Wood Creatures

In the heavens, star-inwrought,
Planet fraught,
In wide spaces deep and clear

Where a comet, flashing, hastes
 To outer wastes,
Cold, pale vestal, floats Diana's sphere.

Like a spirit, wan and white,
 In the night,
Out of reach of human passion,
High above earth's burning fires
 And desires,
Floats she on her far-off mission.

All the fires she lights below—
 Fireflies' glow,
Will-o'-wisp and glow-worm's gleam,
Phosphor's passionless cold light—
 Do but fright
Human hearts like some unquiet dream.

Colder than the sheeted snow
 Is her glow.
Rises not to fiery height.
Warms nor hands nor hearts uplifting,
 Slowly drifting
Through the shadowy spaces of the night.

But the naiads, dew-bedight,
 These delight
In her radiance cool and white.
Oreads from the foam upspringing,
 Faintly singing,
Iridescent gleam in her wan light.

From great trees whose branches high
 Etch the sky,
Nymphs and dryads, quick and shy,
Lightly step, with backward glancing,
 Floating, dancing,
'Neath Diana's ever-watchful eye.

Ah, what radiance, silvery white,
 What delight!

Hail, thou goddess of the night!
Ah, what dallying, what embracing,
Arms enlacing!
Ah, what mad pursuit of love! what flight!

Hylas

See, here's the silver pool, so deep, so dark,
I scarce dare plunge my pitcher in its depths.
See how the fountain bubbles in its midst
Like soul imprisoned that would fain escape.
Hark! Comes a silvery laughter from the depths,
So far and faint, upswelling soft and clear.
I will stoop low and drink. Ah, cool, sweet lips
Are meeting mine here at the mossy brink!

Nymph

Lean low, fair boy, lean low to these cool depths,
Like ruddy star that shoots adown the sky
And burns its way into the ocean's heart.
Give me thy hand, and we will speed away
Down, down, to where the silver bubbles rise
From crack and crevice in the pool's dank floor;
And softest beds of osier and green fern
Are strewn with moss; and all the sounds of earth
Become but faint remembrances of sound.

Hercules

Hylas! Hylas! Hylas!

Hylas

Hark! who calls?

Nymph

Belovèd, come! Why hang upon the brink
Nor dare to take the leap that makes thee mine?

By god Apollo's mighty fire-shod steeds,
By Dian's bow soft-curved in the sky,
By Hermes' lyre, by Pan's sweet fluty reed,
Yea, by great Aphrodite's golden smile,
I pray thee, leave the dry and dreary earth
And dip thee down into translucent depths
Where lapping waves kiss softly. Come thou down!

Hercules

Hylas! Hylas! Hylas!

Hylas

Hark! who calls?

Nymph

O love, behold my lips, like coral buds!
O love, behold my bosom, lilies fair!
Dip but thy golden head below the wave
And lips with lips shall meet, and breast with
 breast.
See, thus I lift my arm and draw thee near;
My clinging arm about thy neck is cast,
And thus I hold thee close, and down, down, down,
Through chilly gurglings of the fountain's flood
We sink, down-floating through the glassy deeps,
We fall, down-dropping to the reedy depths.
O softly, softly, till the eddies cease,
And earth and air are lost—and thou art mine!

Hercules

Hylas! Hylas! Hylas!

Echo

Ah, Alas!

"A DREAM OF A SHADOW IS MAN"

And Hermes raised his wand, and all the shades
Of the great heroes wavered to his sign,
As the thin mists upon the mountain side
Are swayed and swerved when winds at sunrise
 blow.

And stepping down from earth's broad bosom warm,
He drew them gently through the portals dim
Of fields Elysian, where no shaft of sun
Crimsons the pale white flowers of asphodel,
Nor sound is heard beside the dreary drip
Of cypress boughs heavy with twilight dew.
Silent they pass; and know they ne'er again
The joy of battle and the clash of arms,
Sunlight and warmth, and wife and children dear,
And the bright hearths and happy homes of men.

HIPPOLYTUS TO ATHENA

Athena, thou of the white, broad brow,
Lips stern and set, where purpose lies,
Cheeks marble-cold, hair palest gold,
And wisdom-clouded, brooding eyes—
Hast thou no warm quick-leaping blood?
Hast thou no sunny skies,

Athena?

Athena, thou of altars pure,
Of stainless soul unshadowèd,
Of thoughts that pierce the heart of truth
Straight as an arrow sped—
Could Life itself of beauty boast
If Wisdom's self were dead?
One clear, compelling glance of thine
Better than Love's red wine

Athena!

Yield me thy stern, bright beauty, maid divine,
And make me wholly thine,

Athena!

SAPPHO TO PHAON

Come thou, Belovèd, when the slender moon
Hangs low 'twixt day and night, and all the air
Is veiled with mist, and all the whispering winds
Are woven into faint, sweet melody
Upon the treetops, and the dark world dreams.
The sheep are folded, and the wood dove broods;
The black bat darts through slowly darkening skies;
The stars are gathering in the blue above,
And I await thy coming all alone.

Come thou, my Phaon, ere the young night grows
And mingles all the shadows into one.
Come while the blue flame of the hyacinth
Burns faintly in days golden afterglow;
And Aphrodite's altar, marble pale,
Shows ghostly white within the thicket's gloom.
High up, the crags and cliffs of Lesbian hills
Uplift their foreheads to the fading day,
And lengthening shadows gather at their feet
Where dewy meadows, slipping from the heights,
Stoop low to meet the blue Aegean's lip.

Belovèd, wait not for the sun to set,
But come thou while his level glances fill
The green world with a flood of mystic light;
And only Hesperus, of all the stars,
Dares hang a lamp within the golden glow.
Slow wanes the day, slow slips the ebbing tide
Upon the shingly reaches of the shore;
And all my heart is drawing thine to me.

Nay, come at noontide, when the shimmering heat
Wilts all the tender blossoms on their stems;
And under willows, in the grateful shade,
Pan and his shaggy brood dream happily.
High in the air the hawk hangs motionless;
The dragonfly above the placid pool
Spreads filmy wings upon the quiet air.
The bee sleeps in the bosom of the rose,
But I await thy coming eagerly.

Nay, Phaon, nay, Belovèd, wait thou not!
'Tis earliest dawn; the scarce-awakened birds
Pipe drowsily, and soft winds are astir—

O Phaon! O Belovèd! Come thou now!

THE LOST MAENID

Iacchus! Iacchus! the wild dawn is breaking;
All night have I followed thy footsteps in vain
Thro' the forest's tall firs, thro' the tangle of
thickets,

In the flash of the lightning, the roar of the rain.
Afar on the crags, when the clouds broke asunder
And the moon-maiden blossomed, a flower in the
night,

I heard the wild joy-cry peal clear thro' the thunder;
I saw the faint flash of thy garment in flight.

Iacchus! Iacchus!

Lost, lost, in the storm and the night!

Master of mysteries! leave me not desolate

Here in the chasms of death and despair!

Lost is my wand, blood-reddened my raiment,

Torn the wild ivy enwreathed in my hair.

To the hills thou art gone, and thy far-away laugh-
ter

Dies away on the winds in the whitening dawn;

And the song of the maidens that follow thee after

Is faintly re-echoed by satyr and faun.

Iacchus! Iacchus!

Thou art gone! Thou art gone!

MOONRISE

Endymion lies dreaming
Within the forest dim.
Soft twilight o'er him streaming
Reveals gold locks agleaming;
Blue veins with warm blood teeming,
And godlike length of limb.
Endymion lies dreaming
Within the forest dim.

Diana would discover
Where her Endymion lies.
She'll search the woodlands over
Until she finds her lover.
A golden, heavenly rover,
She mounts into the skies.
Diana would discover
Where her Endymion lies.

ECHO

In dewy vales of Ida, mist-enwrapped,
In grottos cool, by banks of silver streams,
Or on the sunny hillsides lifted up
Towards Jove's high heaven, sweetest Echo lived,
The fairest nymph of all that gathered there
To dance away the hours 'twixt dawn and dusk.
No voice had she that she might call her own,
No speech save that of imitation pure;
But ever stood a-tiptoe in suspense,
And all a-quiver, waiting for a sound
That she might catch and toss upon the rocks
Or hurl upon the wide encircling hills.
And when the splintered tones came back again,
Again they issued from her rosy lips
A thinner volume, clear and haunting sweet,
That rolled its cadences through all the vale
And sobbed and died at last in some far glen.

At break of dawn, ere yet Apollo's disc
Rolled o'er the shoulder of the sleeping world,
She caught the twittering of earliest birds
And filled the woodlands with the piping notes.
Or when the first faint breeze of morning stirred
And rustled through the forest, she was there
To catch the sighs of multitudinous leaves
And weave them all into a mimic roar.
If Pan perchance sat idly by a brook
And breathed sweet melodies through slender reeds,
How joyously she caught the cheerful sounds
And scattered them about, like sparkling drops
Tossed by a plashing fountain in the sun;
Till shy and timid creatures crept anear
And sat upon their haunches, still as death,
Enchanted by the manifold sweet sounds.
The very hum of bees she did contrive
To glorify by her deft magic arts,
Until it boomed like distant thunder-roll.
The slender tinkling of the meadow stream
Became a heavenly harmony in her hands.

The drip of raindrops on the forest leaves
She wove into a liquid melody.
And e'en the far high laughter of the gods
She soothed to softly falling cadences.
And thus, from morn till noon, in joyance sweet,
The happy nymph, all life and laughter, roamed
And filled the vales of Ida with sweet sound.

But when the noontide lay upon the earth,
And hot, sweet sunshine shimmered on the grass,
While Phoebus' car, a brazen disc in heaven,
Rode in the zenith, then poor Echo drooped.
Gone her glad pastime, stilled her chattering tongue.
For now a silent stillness held the world;
No breeze disturbed the air, no creatures wing
Flashed in the sunshine; bees had ceased to hum;
The leaves were still and lifeless on their boughs;
Bacchus lay stretched in slumber; Pan himself
Beneath a beech tree coiled his weary bulk,
And all the nymphs and dryads disappeared
Within the woody bosoms of the oaks.
So, speechless, Echo passed the drowsy hours.

But when the heavy stillness and the heat
Began to yield at last, and a soft breeze
Lifted her tresses gently, up she sprang
Eager once more, with every sense alert,
Her ear attuned to hear the slightest noise.
And now, behold, a noiseless miracle—
Up from earth's rounded rim, in majesty,
A golden bubble on the ocean's lip,
The harvest moon, a glorious, perfect sphere,
Uprose into the empty blue above!
And lo! a rustle through the woody groves,
And every joyous sound of pulsing life
Sweet Echo deftly tosses on the breeze.
"O Great Diana!" chant the worshipping nymphs.
And back from rocks and hillsides Echo calls,
And "Great Diana!" fills the quivering air.
And far adown the glen, harmoniously,
Melodious shuttle in a web of air,

"Diana!" rolls once more; in grottos cool
"Diana!" softly booms; and in deep caves
Where subterranean waters darkly flow,
"O Great Diana!" like a far-off bell,
Thinner and fainter comes the echoing sound,
Till far beyond the reach of listening ear,
It drops into the silence and is gone.

THE STREET OF THE TOMBS

Here lie the Athenian dead.
From Pericles to simple market girl,
Here found they each his bed
When once they saw Death's dim
Face, white and grim,
And the free soul to the spirit world had fled.

A tender beauty lies,
And simple strength, in each memorial
Reared 'neath those ancient skies.
And on each carven face
The quiet grace
Of hope, which still lives on, nor ever dies.

O happy tombs are ye!
Sculptured in outlines strong and pure,
Ye touch eternity!
Warmed by the sun's red glow
In every line ye show
The cheerfulness of immortality!

“WHERE WERE YE, NYMPHS, WHEN
DAPHNIS PINED AWAY?”

Theocritus.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when Daphnis pined
away?

Within the murmuring groves were ye asleep?
Or on the sunny hills where shepherds gay
Pipe amorous ditties while they watch their sheep?
Or climbed ye up the rough and rugged steep
Where Etna breathes forth incense like a cloud;
Or wandering by the margin of the deep
Where winds in rocky caverns echo loud,
And the dying sun drops down into his watery
shroud?

Daphnis is gone, hero of shepherds all;
And ye, O Nymphs, all desolate remain.
Pierced through by Cupid's arrow he did fall,
And on the mossy bank the ruddy rain
Of his heart's rarest blood spread crimson stain
Upon the clover fair and daisies white.
Pipe no more, Pan, your reedy sweet refrain
The dancing nymphs with music to invite,
For Daphnis now is gone, and all their dear delight.

Farewell, O Daphnis! sing the fountains all
Upspouting crystal waters in the air.
Farewell, O Daphnis! on the mountains call
The piping birds, the beasts from hidden lair.
Sweet violets and the narcissus fair
Do droop and pine, of Daphnis all forlorn.
The sheep are shivering in the summer air
As though to bitter blasts they were y-shorn.
And winds in all the groves for Daphnis loudly
mourn.

IN FIELDS ELYSIAN

"Persephone, what would'st thou?" Pluto asked;
"Art not at home here in my underworld?
Does not my love enfold thee? Hast thou not
Fair jewels for thy hair and gleaming gems
To clasp thy throat and gird thy slender waist?
Do not my servants come and go in haste
To do thy lightest bidding? Hast thou not
Spiced viands for thy hunger, ruddy wines
And golden lucent syrups for thy thirst?
Behold how soft the carpet 'neath thy feet
Woven of cypress and pale amaranth.
See the rich hangings on thy chamber walls,
Whereon, in sable field, with lurid thread,
Are pictured tales of heroes and of gods.
And for thy music, hear the sombre plash
Of the dark stream that laps upon our shores.
Look up, my love, my queen, Persephone,
And tell me what it is thy heart still craves."

And she, with fair hair pushed from off her brow,
With white arms raised up toward the world of life,
And wan lids closed, as one who sleeps, yet speaks:

"O flowery Meads of Enna, blooming fair!
O daffodils, like stars amid the grass!
O golden lilies on the sunny hills!
O sweet wide air, filled with the hum of bees!
O sweetest songs of larks! O music clear
Of runnels tinkling in the sedgy grass!
O happy waves that kiss the pebbly beach!
O joyous laughter of the little maids
That danced away the golden hours with me!
O sweet, warm-bosomed mother, to whose arms
I gladly ran when wearied of my sport!
O wide blue sky, empearled with clouds by da

SAPPHO'S GIFT

*"Many blooms brought Anyte,
Wild flags; and Maero many—lilies white;
And Sappho few, but roses."*

Meleager.

Glorious songs of war and of gods and heroes
Homer sings, and Pindar of royal triumphs;
Gladden they all hearts and make mirth and laughter,

Singers of Hellas.

Tales of wonder, songs of adventure sing they;
Meat and wine they bring to the feast for joyance;
Meat and wine they offer, but thou, O Sappho,
Thou bringest roses!

Songs of passion plucked from the heart's deep
garden;
Crimson, glowing, fragrant with love and sorrow;
Thou, with ear attuned to the spirit's pulsing,
Thou bringest roses!

Few, but every petal aglow with feeling;
Few, but dewed with tears and with life a-tremble;
Their's the wine's bright chalice, but thine, O
Sappho,

Thine are the roses!

AN INTERLUDE

From the lips of Pan, as he slept in the shadow,
His pipe fell softly and lay at his feet.
And bees from the clover abloom in the meadow
Rifling the flowers of their burden sweet,
Hither came with incessant humming,
Like summer cloud with thunder booming;
Found the god asleep in the shadow,
Found the pipe at his feet.

Pan sleeps on, but a wild sweet singing,
Mellifluous, flows from the pipe at his feet;
A mystical music like soft bells ringing
From its reedy hollow comes clear and sweet.
O wild and weird like a bacchanal hymn,
O plaintive as doves in the twilight dim,
O sobbing-sad like a lamb's soft bleat,
It flows from the pipe at his feet!

And out from each hole in the magic reed,
And out of the mouthpiece hollow,
The bees are swarming in filmy clouds,
And ever still others follow.
And homeward they wing in the twilight chill,
Home to the meadows sweet.
And Pan in dreamful sleep lies still—
Still lies the pipe at his feet!

"BACCHUM IN REMOTIS"

Would you see the god himself in joyous revel?
See the satyrs dancing, hear the nymphs sing?
Would you see the dryads slipping shyly from the
 beech trees?
Hear the wild weird chanting? Hear the echoes
 ring?
Would you see the naiads rising from the water
Where the dripping fountain a shining rainbow
 spills?
Lay down your cares, slip softly from your duties;
Bring your heart and all your soul away into the
 hills!

Far in the fastness of the craggy hills they hide
 them;
There where the wild grapes sun their purple bloom;
Where the broad vine leaves and all the clinging
 tendrils
Catch and weave the sunlight into a golden gloom.
See the slender nymphs bursting gaily from the
 shadow,
Tossing up their white arms, whirling in the dance.
See the satyrs follow, leaping down the hillside,
Flank and hoof a-twinkle in a wild, mad prance.

Yea, and the god, the god himself of revel!
Bright in the sunlight he stands, a youth divine!
Down from his shoulder flows the dappled doe-skin;
Round about his brow the purple cluster and the
 vine.
Would you see him thus, the joyous, deathless spirit?
Would you drink the wine of life October's air dis-
 tills?
Lay down your cares, slip softly from your duties;
Bring your heart and all your soul away into the
 hills!

UNSATISFIED

An isle upon the bosom of the deep
Lies dreaming, lapped about by sunlit wave;
And yonder, where the gadding vine doth creep
All rich with flowering clusters, stands a cave.
About the cave broad blossoming meadows lie,
Teeming with parsley and with violet;
And by the rivers, blue with imaged sky,
In stately rows tall cypresses are set;
And silvery poplars by the fountain's spray are wet.

Within the cave, upon the glowing hearth
Cleft cedar burns, and fragrant sandal-wood;
Before the web upon the loom's great girth
Calypso stands, and weaves in musing mood.
And lo! her sweet voice rises soft and clear,
As to and fro she fareth by the loom.
The birds awing pause in their flight to hear,
And echo her from out the alder's gloom.
A deathless god were glad at heart in that fair room!

Nymph of the braided tresses, what distress
Clouds thy clear eyes and trembles in thy voice?
Do not the cloudless heavens stoop to bless?
Do not the meadows and the sea rejoice?
She turns and gazes through the cave's wide door;
She sees a lonely figure on the strand
With arms stretched ever to the farther shore,
And eyes strained seaward o'er the glittering sand—
Odysseus, weeping sorely for his native land!

WITH WINGÈD WORDS

So spake the Olympian gods and heroes bold
In those far days when speech was clear, direct,
And swift as arrow by an archer sped
Sang through the air straight from the heart of
truth,
Nor swerved, nor spun, nor fell short of the mark.
With wingèd words—aye, and at times they bore
A pointed sting, that did its needed work,
And drove the coward from his baser deeds
To live and battle on a higher plane.
With wingèd words Apollo gave to men
The counsels and the high commands of Zeus;
With wingèd words Hermes and Iris flew
On gracious errands to the sons of earth.
With wingèd shafts of irony and wit
Men cheered their feasts, and cleared the air of
strife,
And loosed Homeric laughter on the winds.
And still they live and speed adown the years,
And still they bring a dear delight to men,
Long after lesser words have found a place
Within the waste-heap of the centuries.

A LAMENT

(*After Moschus*)

The green grass lives anew;
The violet blooms again another year
With flowers fresh and blue.
The frailest weed that grows
A resurrection knows
At each glad April, flowering through and through.

But thou, O Great and Strong!
Belovèd, low in earth, all helplessly,
Thou sleepest still and long!
But thou, O Great and Wise!
With closèd, dreamless eyes,
Art lapped in silence—hearest not Spring's song!

EARTH-MOTHER

Midnoon hangs heavy on the ripened fields;
Hot sunshine shimmers on the quiet lake.
Beneath the willows, in the dim, sweet shade,
Someone lies sleeping on the ferny brake.
Red poppies fall from out her loosened grasp;
A crown of wheat from her dark hair floats free;
She rests her cheek upon her warm white arm—
Demeter, wearied of fertility.

A DIRGE

Mourn, ye groves!
Mourn, ye trees and tender flowers!
Sing no more, ye plaintive doves
In the sad forsaken bowers!

Sacred fires
On the altars cold and dead;
Temples fair o'ergrown with briers;
All the golden gods have fled.

Forests, weep!
Rustling elms and beeches hoar.
Let the sullen, troubled deep
Moan upon the shore.

Pan is dead!
Broken is his fluty reed.
Bacchus and his fauns have fled.
Desolate are we indeed.

Apollo bright—
Never shall we hear him sing
Glorious songs of dear delight.
Eros, too, has taken wing.

Venus' doves
Flash no more through golden air
In her sacred woods and groves.
Lovers mourn her everywhere.

Artemis!
With thy arrows whistling clear
All the glens are safe, I wis,
For the boar and antlered deer.

Mercury,
Though we call him through the glen;
"Where is he? Where is he?"
Echo questions back again.

Athena, thou
Of the gray and flashing eye,
And the wisdom clouded brow,
Art thou gone from earth and sky?

Gone the nymphs
From their grottos deep and cool.
No more shall we have a glimpse
Of their sports in ferny pool.

Dryads, too,
Fauns and satyrs, all have left.
Happy haunts that once they knew
Now are silent and bereft.

All are gone!
All have passed from sound and sight.
But their gracious memories
Still shall fill us with delight.

TRASIMENE

White hung the mist upon Lake Trasimene,
And on the low Etruscan hills of green,
And on the fateful plain that lay between.

All nebulous and dim the starry sky;
The soft Italian breeze that wandered by
Ruffled the quiet lake with sobbing sigh.

From cypress dark, from ghostly poplar tall,
The scarce-awakened birds began to call
Thro' the thick mist that lay like heavy pall.

But on the hills, within the tangled green
That silvered in the cold dawn's pallid sheen,
With listening ear stood the great Carthagene.

And at his side the dark Numidians stood,
And at his back the swarthy Libyan brood,
And still beyond the Gauls of fiery blood.

And back of all the massive beasts of war,
Huge elephants from Africa's hot shore,
Ready to loose their trumpeting's dread roar.

Silence—save a monotonous drip, drip,
From heavy cypress boughs, or the soft slip
Of pebbles loosened at the water's lip.

Then down the winding road the steady tramp
Of myriad soldiers, and the neigh and champ
Of myriad horses, thro' the dew and damp.

And ere the stars had faded from the sky
Flaminius and his legions drew anigh.
Little they recked of the hill's watchful eye!

Dark visaged, stern, Flaminius drew them through
The narrow pass beside the waters blue.
Ah! heedless of the mist and damp and dew!

No sunlight struck their shields with brazen gleam;
Invisible they marched in steady stream
Like the wan spectres in a troubled dream.

And lifted up above the white mist's pall,
Seeing no foe, but hearing his least foot-fall,
Silent and grim, stood the great Hannibal.

For *this* he crossed the icy Alpine heights;
For *this* the starving days and frozen nights.
"Forward!" he gives command. His soul delights.

Caught in a trap within the mist and gloom,
Ere the red sun arose in fiery bloom
Near thirty thousand Romans met their doom.

The treacherous Gauls closed in upon their foe;
Numidians piled up deadly blow on blow;
The great brute beasts trampled whole legions low.

Hot rose the sun to view the carnage there;
The mist dispersing laid the dread scene bare;
Shrill rose the noise of slaughter on the air.

In fiercest battle three hard hours had sped;
Ere the sun rose in zenith overhead,
Flaminius and his legions lay there dead.

And hasty messengers are carrying home,
Thro' still Etruscan woods, with steeds afoam,
News that shall bow the heart of haughty Rome.

A ROMAN TRIO

Catullus

O passionate in love, O fierce in hate,
O tender mourner where loved ashes lie,
O reckless in thy stern lucidity,
"Odi et amo"—this thy eternal cry!

Horace

"Come dance and sing! Bring wine and goodly
cheer!"
"Come live the simple life; for wealth, don't
grieve!"
Ah, Horace, can we follow both these paths?
Or are you only laughing up your sleeve?

Martial

Coarsest invective, bitter, pointed sting,
His wonted weapons, these he laid aside
To write the tenderest of all epitaphs
Upon a poor slave's little child that died.

THE EMPEROR HADRIAN TO HIS SOUL

"Animula, vagula, blandula."

*O frail, inconstant soul,
Companion of my clay,
Where now thy goal?*

For fast the shadows thicken towards my night,
And thou wilt soon be free to take thy flight.
Already loosened are thy bonds and mine;
And I am still of earth; thou art divine!
Yet pallid thou, and trembling; loath to go.
Art thou afraid? Didst love thy prison so?

*O cold and wan and bare,
Shorn of thy sheathing clay,
Where wilt thou wander? Where?*

For though, imperial power laid aside,
My name with those of all the gods be cried,
Yet shall I ever with those same gods dwell?
Or, wandering in dim fields of asphodel,
Where no uprising sun gladdens the sight,
With pallid shades endure perpetual night?

*O soul, thou naked thing,
Thou'rt slipping from my clay—
Whither dost wing?*

OLD ROMAN BOATING SONG

"Heia, viri, nostrum reboans echo sonet heia!"

Yoho! men, yoho! and hear the echo sounding!
The great sea god has calmed the ocean's spleen;
The wild waves are spent, nor on the shore are
 pounding;
Stilled is the storm, the spreading sea serene.

Yoho! men, yoho! and hear the echo sounding!
The swift keel trembles at the stroke of steady oars.
The bellying sails are filled with breezes fresh
 abounding;
The sea is smiling to the sky and to the friendly
 shores.

Yoho! men, yoho! and hear the echo calling!
The prow leaps in the water as dolphins plunge and
 leap.
The sea in travail groans and brings forth beasts
 appalling.
Sing at your work and cut a furrow through the
 deep.

Yoho! men, yoho! set echoes all in motion!
Though north winds plough the water let us sing
 yoho!
Though oars have churned the spray upon the heav-
 ing ocean,
O let the shores again resound! O let us sing yoho!

MARTIAL'S EPITAPH ON EROTION

To you, O Father mine, O Mother dear,
I do commend this little tender maid;
Lest of the Stygian darkness she have fear,
Or of the dog Tartarean be afraid.
With love and kisses greet her; she has lived
But six short winters; let her sport and play
With you as guardians; teach her lisping lips
With childish chattering my name to say.
O grave! bear softly on her closèd eyes;
Nor on those tender limbs press rigidly.
O earth! weigh lightly where her body lies.
So lightly, lightly did she weigh on thee!

THE DARK AGES

A barren isle in sunset's smouldering glare;
A tangled growth of weeds and brambles hoar;
A few high peaks piercing the upper air;
And chaos thundering upon the shore.

THE PENITENT

Leofric, monk, bends him above his books,
In the Scriptorium; flushed his eager face,
Gleaming his eye, the while his pen doth trace
In clearest script the lines whereon he looks.
With beating heart, upon the vellum there
He copies from an ancient, musty tome
A burning page vivid with pagan Rome—
Catullus, singing to his Lesbia fair.

“Vivamus, Lesbia mea, atque amemus!
Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum!”

Leofric, monk, kneeleth in silent prayer
Upon the cold stones of the chapel floor
Before the altar; mutely he doth adore
The pallid Christ hanging before him there.
Deep lie the shadows on his sunken cheek;
Heavy the sins upon his low-bowed head;
Worn are the beads whereon his prayers are said;
Trembling his lips with words his soul would speak.

“Rex tremendae majestatis
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!”

THE POET

(From the Orient)

The nightingale's sweet trill
Dies for the poet's quill,
For of her beak his mighty pen he makes.
For fragrant page whereon
To write his wondrous song,
A satin leaf from the white rose he takes.
His ink with these is fitting fine;
'Tis made of blinding tears mingled with fiery wine.

VALUES

(From the Orient)

A jewel lying in the dust,
It is a jewel still,
A thing of worth.
And sand is sand, tho' upward thrust
To heaven's height by the wind's gust.
With the wind's will
'Twill fall again to earth.

SLANDER

(From the Orient)

Slander, the coward, uses three swords to kill;
Three cups with deadly poison does he fill;
On three at once he works his blackest ill.

For him who speaks the word, death lies in wait;
Who hears, soon comes unto his last estate;
Whom it concerns, would mend his life too late.

LIFE

Dawn, and the dewy hush
Or ever the skylark trills;
Faint fair flush of the day
On the summit of beckoning hills;
And the wide clear eyes of a child, that question but
 know not ills.

Noon, and the passionate glow
Of the rose, and the poppy's flare;
The swift red flow of the blood;
The will to do and to dare;
And the steady eyes that are seeking Truth and shall
 find her—where?

Night, and the ebbing tide;
And Hesperus low in the west
Guiding the laborer home,
Lighting the bird to its nest;
And the wan lids closed over eyes that are sealed in
 a dreamless rest.

A PRISONER

I cannot go; there is bread to bake.

O come away!

There are rooms to sweep and beds to make.

Over the meadows the sunlight gleams;

The poppies are swaying in drowsy dreams;

'Tis a golden day!

I cannot go; my back is bent.

O the soft twilight!

And spent am I when the day is spent.

Over the shadowy edge of the world

The moon uprises with beams unfurled;

'Tis a silver night!

Nay, but I've no desire to go.

O lost! O lost!

My work is all that I feel or know.

The moments are slipping away like sands;

O gather gladness with eager hands,

Nor count the cost!

GODS AND MEN

In deepest revery Lord Buddha watched
The centuries pass, brooding with lips close-furled.
The crickets in the meadow, newly hatched,
With shrill insistence fill the weary world.

BARREN

Earth hath her joy of Spring's fair burgeoning;
Her sprouting grass, her germinating grain,
Her rose abloom, her butterfly awing,
High tide of life, a harvest bountiful,
Autumn, and seed again.

For thee, O Sea, ever at restless plaint
Upon the shore, for thee sweet hope is dead.

The centuries pass; thou hast no dearth
Of sun and shower for ripening birth;
Still thou'rt unharvested!



FOOD FROM HEAVEN

Dawn on the vast rim of the wilderness,
And manna falling on the earth bedewed;
Dusk, and the quail's soft piping in the grass,
And Israel's host supplied with daily food.
But Moses to the stars uplifts his head,
And yearning, sees the Vision, and is fed.

LIBATION WINE

Beneath the dripping leaves, in shadowy gloom,
Where wan, shy flowers await the hour of birth,
Sweet April comes; she lifts her golden jar
And pours warm sunshine on the happy earth.

WORDS FOR MENDELSSOHN'S SPRING SONG

April! April! Come with tears and laughter;
Come with sweetest fragrance of flowers newly
born;
Sow the tender grassblades and bring the blossoms
after;
Bring the earth to youth again, bring the night to
morn!

April! April! Set the buds to swelling;
Bid the leafless branch and bough break forth with
golden fire.
Loosen all the streamlets and set the springs upwell-
ing;
Wake the sleeping woods and fields to tremble with
desire!

April! April! Dance a joyous measure
Through the woodland aisles and glens that winter
left forlorn;
Sunlight through the shadows weave, and scatter
wide your treasure;
Bring my heart to youth again, bring my night to
morn!

APRIL

April, hidden in leafy coverts, standing
Knee-deep there in the rain-plashed pool, in the
shadow,
Looked out smiling, the sweet white throat of her
trembling,

Bubbling with laughter.

Did you think you'd escape me, April? April?
Nay, your footsteps betrayed you and brought me
hither.

Golden buds broke out as you hastened onward;
Butterflies quickened;

Grass spread swiftly to meet your fair feet glisten-
ing;

Buttercups arose where your smile shone warmly;
Violets peeped from beneath dead leaves to behold
you;

Brooks fell a-singing.

Even the worm was thrilled into life at your coming;
Even the sluggish snail crawled out to the sunshine;
Myriads of creatures who wintered in nooks and in
crannies

Hastened to meet you.

Green with ferns the banks of the pool in the
shadow;

Earthy and sweet the fragrance of wood and of
meadow;

Musical beyond measure the dripping of raindrops;
All is your doing!

Come then out from your covert, April! April!
Meet me and greet me here in the open meadow.
Hide no longer there with smiles in your dimples,
Tears on your lashes!

JUNE IN EACH GARDEN

June in each garden glows,
And gives a golden heart with fragrance filled
To every crimson rose.
With passion and with power
Each splendid flower
She fashions; every bloom her bounty knows.

Yea, and throughout the land,
Low—stooping to the beetle and the worm,
She marks each spot and band;
And with perfection fine
Draws each design
Upon the grassblade with a careful hand.

THE TRAVELLERS

In the woods we were afraid,
Child, all alone.
In the deep and darksome glade
Where no sun shone.
 Afraid? Not you and I!
 Far away above the leaves
 We saw the blue sky!

Heard we not a sobbing sigh,
Child, in the dark?
Saw we not the Evil Eye
Like a red spark?
 No; we saw wee friendly faces;
 Little furred and feathered creatures.
 In the shadowy spaces.

Ah, but did you listen, Child?
In the twilight dim
Heard we not harsh laughter, wild,
Ghostlike and grim?
 Oh no! In a moonlit ring
 Starred with flame of fireflies
 We heard the elves sing.

Oh, but we trembled, Child,
When the wind blew.
Dark was the night and wild,
Dark for us two!
 Have you forgotten, Mother?
 You held my hand in yours;
 We had each other!

SISTER AMBROSIA

Sister Ambrosia telleth her beads—
Out in the garden there.
Silent she sits, and with soft-closed eyes
Looseth her soul in prayer.
Sweet and warm is the whispering wind
Astir in the hedge nearby;
High up over the convent roof
Blue and fair is the sky.

Summer is rioting in the air;
Violets spring from the mould;
Buttercups gleam from the emerald grass,
Uplifting their cups of gold.
Daisies are all abloom and ablush
Upspringing the sun to greet;
Sister Ambrosia telleth her beads—
Passionless, pale, discreet.

Yellow and red, tall hollyhocks stand
There by the cloister a-row.
The white rose, dropping her petals down
Scatters a fragrant snow.
Hither and yon, a robber horde,
Honey bees darken the air.
Sister Ambrosia telleth her beads—
Each is a perfect prayer.

Butterflies hasten to find their mates
There on the clover-bed.
Birds have mated, have builded their nests
In leafy boughs overhead.
Liquid and sweet the notes pour forth
Out on the golden air.
Sister Ambrosia telleth her beads—
Moving her lips in prayer.

The warm sun gleams on her pale gray gown,
Gleams on the close-coifed head.
Soft on the missal that lies on her knee
The red rose petals are shed.
Thin and worn are the clasped white hands,
Carven like marble her cheek.
Sister Ambrosia telleth her beads,
Passionless, pale, and meek.

High in the midst of a mossy bowl
A fountain mounts toward the blue.
Singing, the drops fall earthward again
A cooling and heavenly dew.
Passionate poppies, gold-hearted, crimson,
Sway on their slender stems.
Humming birds poise, now lifting, now drifting,
Flashing like living gems.

Deaf is she to the music of June
Athrob on the lucent air;
Lifts not a lash to the pageant of life
Spread all about her there.
Cold her hands on her pale gray gown,
Marble her cheek and fair.
Sister Ambrosia telleth her beads—
Each is a perfect prayer.

HEART O' THE WOODS

Deep silences within the solemn woods
Fall on the ear more mightily than sound;
And twilight, dreaming there from dawn till dusk,
Falls on the soul with benediction's balm.
Far from the fierce darts of a fiery sun
Far from the the tumult of an endless toil
And all the petty travails born of life,
A stillness broods, that penetrates the soul.
Tall trunks uprear a gracious foliage
So delicately dense, so deeply green,
That all the ruddy shafts from golden suns
Are filtered through in palest amber tint.
Soft to one's footsteps yields the springy moss;
Fragrant with balsam the close-hidden path;
Drowsy the sweet warm air, languid and still,
That soothes the mind from action to repose.

Life is not absent—nay it teems, indeed,
In myriad forms invisible and still.
Creatures ethereal, of transparent hue,
Constituent atoms of the larger world,
Live, love, and die, but have no other speech
Than the faint murmur of their gauzy wings.

But ah! far greater is that other life
Imagination born, that dwells herein.
Who sees not Robin Hood in this deep glen,
In green and russet clad so like the woods,
He's lost to view just as you saw him there?
What are those patches on the rugged trunks
Where breaks a shaft of sunlight through the leaves?
Are they not love songs for sweet Rosalind,
Hung in these bosky depths for her alone
Last time Orlando passed adown the glen?
And when the blue patch, there above the hill
Where the trees widen to admit the day,
Fades softly to a palest lavender,
Then deepens into gray—ah! then it is

The gnomes, the elves, the fairies and the trolls
Come forth from hidden nooks and shadowy lairs
And gather in the silent moonlit aisles
Beneath high branches budded thick with stars.
Hoary the forest, but still older they—
Born when man first upraised his struggling
thoughts
Above the world material where he stood.
They dance, they sing, they play their elfin pranks
Like shadows dancing in the moon's pale light.
Fireflies attend them, and the night owl hoots,
And all the glen is theirs wherein to sport.
'Twixt dusk and day they lend the forest life;
Life without sorrow and without regret—
A breath, a bubble floating on a pool;
The gray dawn quickens and the bubble breaks.

THE GRASS

Brave little blades in closest ranks arrayed,
Scattered broadcast upon the world's broad girth,
No flowers have ye, yet softly, undismayed,
Ye cover up the scars of mother earth.

THE LILY

A single lily rises, pure and pale,
From out her leaves; slender her stem and frail.
From touch or taint she holds herself apart.
One could not clasp a lily to one's heart!

THE ELM

Tall trunk upreared, wide spreading foliage,
And grateful shade to tender plants below;
Patient the years that added up thy age;
Unhurried all thy growth, gracious and slow.

A RUSSIAN LULLABY

In the forest, in the forest,
Night comes on apace.
Snow lies gleaming, frost lies glistening,
Covering every space.
Tree tops weave a web of branches
Full of strength and grace.
Sleep, my darling, sleep, my darling,
In thy sheltered place.

Cold the moonlight, cold the starlight,
Cold the wind and keen.
Earth lies cold beneath the heavens
With a silvery sheen.
Who could dream tonight of summer
With its rose and green?
Sleep, beloved, sleep, beloved,
Thou art warm, I ween.

Hark! what murmurs! Hark! what noises
In the solemn night.
Creaking branches make weird music
In their airy height.
Wolves are starving, and their howling
Fills us with affright.
Sleep, my baby, sleep, my baby,
I will hold thee tight!

In the forest, in the forest,
Stands our hut of wood.
Warm within the leaping firelight,
Warm our simple food.
In the corner hangs the Ikon—
Mother Mary mild.
She will bless thee, she will keep thee,
Sleep, my little child!

ON THE VOLGA

Adown the Mother Volga
We float, my babe and I;
He in my arms so safely borne
Betwixt the sea and sky.
Lie still, lie still, my manling!
Lie still and do not cry!

Warm in his father's kaftan
I wrap him from the cold.
Anxious, I scan the tiny face
So young, and yet so old!
Lie still, lie still, my manling!
Thy days are not yet told!

Far from the bloody slaughter,
Far from the cruel mob
That pillage and kill and plunder,
That bind and burn and rob—
Lie still, lie still, my manling!
And cease thy plaintive sob.

Cursed be these days of evil!
Cursed be he on the throne!
He shuts his eyes to his people's needs,
His ears to his country's groan.
Lie still, lie still, my manling!
Cease from thy tender moan.

One day thou shalt rise in power
A sacred tryst to keep.
The Great White Czar shall tremble then;
His lady wife shall weep.
Lie still, lie still, my manling!
Mother will guard thy sleep!

"THE MOTHER OF SISERA LOOKED
OUT AT A WINDOW"

Why cometh not my son? Why hear I not
His chariot-wheels slipping upon the sands,
And see him leap to earth, his horses spent,
With widened nostrils and with foaming bit,
Their sides aquiver and their eyes aglow?
All day here at my lattice have I sat
And watched where Tabor raises up his head
To pierce the heavens with a purple peak
That melts and fades into the brazen blue.
All day the din of battle, far and faint—
The clash of arms, the trampling down of men—
Has found its way into my very heart
Where hope and fear do ever alternate.
All day the Kishon, flowing at my feet
Upon its westering course to the great sea,
Has brought no tidings of the slaughter dire
That stains its crystal waters at their source.
O mighty Baal! Rout his enemies
And sweep them all into the Kishon's wave!
O set the sun and stars to guide his course
And send him safely home to Harosheth
With song triumphant for his mother's ear!
Down drops the sun into the empty sea;
And Tabor's crest is silvered by the moon
New-risen on the slayer and the slain.
The glittering stars, like spear-points in the heavens,
Are piercing thro' the slowly darkening blue;
And all the heat and hurry of the day
Are lost in twilight and approaching night.
Long at the lattice have I kept my watch.
My women, wearied by the vigil's length,
Are half asleep, their heads upon their knees.
Why is his chariot long in coming home?
Why tarries still my son so late, so late?

"AWAKE O NORTH WIND AND COME,
THOU SOUTH"

Swift from the Hills of Lebanon
 Blow, thou North Wind, blow!
Bringing sweet breath to my garden here
Down in the valley below.
Straight and tall my cedars stand,
Odorous, spicy, aglow
With the crimson glory of setting sun
That flushes the peaks of snow.
Down from the Cedars of Lebanon
 Blow, thou North Wind, blow!

Up from Judean vineyards
 Blow, thou South Wind blow,
Aloes and myrrh and cinnamon,
Pomegranate trees arow,
Spikenard, saffron, calamus,
These in my garden grow.
 Bring warm dews from rivers
Whose crystal waters flow
Through fragrant purple vineyards.
 Blow, thou South Wind, blow!

REVENGE

When one in anger injured me, my heart
Was wounded sore; fain would I strike again,
That he might also feel the shame and pain,
And in the bitterness have his full part.

I cast about in search of edgèd tool
Whereby revenge should bite most cuttingly;
And chose so to behave that I should be
Utterly unlike to him—poor angry fool!

ACCOMPLISHMENT

What drew you from the shelves?
What great philosophies, what subtle poems,
That feed our better selves?
None; from my oven I drew
Three loaves of light and wholesome bread.
These feed the hungry, too.

What thoughts were yours to-day?
To right the wrong, to succor the distressed,
Hast planned a way?
No; but before 'twas light
I washed the clothes; I had no time for thought.
See, they are white!

But tell me of your deeds.
Surely you've followed some great enterprise
Where progress leads?
Not I, poor fool;
But four bright little faces, clean and kissed,
I sent to school!

EILEEN

The dancing flames o' sunshine
Gladden the break o' day.
They falter not nor hover,
But speed the meadows over,
And from the dewy clover
They wipe the tears away.
The dancing flames o' sunshine
Gladden the break o' day.

The silvery feet o' moonlight
Ripple upon the lake.
The nightingale is dreaming
Through misty light down-streaming;
Thickly the dewdrops gleaming
Upon the feathery brake.
The silvery feet o' moonlight
Ripple upon the lake.

The happy light o' laughter
Gleams in thy darling face.
And night has lost its sorrow,
And joy comes with the morrow,
And heavy hearts aye borrow
Hope from thy sunny grace.
The happy light o' laughter
Gleams in thy darling face.

DAWN

Stillness and darkness hold the world in thrall;
The far-off stars scarce penetrate the gloom
Wherein the forests dream,
Save where a misty gleam
Reveals the river hastening to its fall
In caverns deep, where echoes roll and boom.

Here in the shadow of the brooding night
Shy creatures crouch within their hidden lairs.
The leaves hang motionless
Lacking the winds caress.
The moon has gathered up her silver light
And slipped below the horizon unawares.

But hark! all suddenly a little breeze
Full of faint whisperings, trembles here and there;
And all about arise
Melodious soft sighs.
A thousand ripples break upon the trees,
And myriad leaves are tossing in the air.

Far in the east a silvery radiance spreads
About the portals whence the day is born.
Broad shafts of pearly light
Have put the gloom to flight;
And woodland creatures leave their mossy beds
To greet the golden miracle of dawn.

TWILIGHT

Night's shadowy birth has met day's golden death;
Stilled are the winds, the air holds scarce a breath;
One star throbs faintly in the darkling blue;
One drowsy bird-note breaks the silence through.

POPPIES

Translucent cups of vivid, royal hue
Warm-bosomed Summer offers here to you;
A crimson Lethe, at whose glowing brink
The nectared sunshine you may freely drink;
Whereon, shall slip away all strain and stress,
And Nature steep you in forgetfulness;
While of the poppies all your dreams—and these
Slow-swaying in red splendor on the breeze.

TWILIGHT IN IRELAND

O round and red the sun that sinks
Into a pool of mellow light!
O high and clear the host of stars
That usher in the shadowy night!
In the fair hills where Morna dwelt,
And Maeva's beauty lingers long,
Still sound the notes of elfin horns,
The laughing lilt of fairy song.
And faint and far Dalua's bell
Rings like an echo sweet and clear;
Cold rise the mists on bog and fen;
The crescent moon dips softly near.
The wind a-keening through the hills
Moans many-voiced, and ebbs away;
And all the glens and groves are still,
Wrapped in the hush of dying day.
Hark! on the quiet air a sound—
The clash of arms as heroes fight;
And godlike forms glide from the mist
And shadows of approaching night.
Here Fingal hurls a mighty dart,
Cuchullin casts afar his spear.
Where shamrock blossoms from the sod
Walk softly, for the gods are here!

SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON

O the harvest moon above the ripened meadows,
Hung like a pearl upon a chain of hills!
O the bosom brown of earth! The silvery laughter
Of streams down-dripping where the clear pool
spills!

Rosy flush of apples 'mid the dusky leafage;
Pale bloom of pears ripening on the wall;
Soft croon of doves longing for the twilight;
Crickets' shrill insistence, whipporwills' call.

Up the sleepy roadway, where the sumach reddens,
Rolls the great wain, loaded high with yellow
sheaves.

One vagrant breeze whispers lightly through the
beeches,

Whirls in the dry dust, stirs the drowsy leaves.
Misty mellow gloom beneath the drooping willows
Pierced by the long level arrows of the sun.
Warm glows the west; its crimson-feathered bosom
Shivers, fades, and the golden day is done.

Down drops the red disc below the dark horizon;
Night-owl is flitting in the elms high dusk;
The moon-silvered marsh is musical with vespers;
The stubble fields are sharply etched with dry stalk
and husk.

White moth, ghostlike upon the edge of evening,
Broiders the shadows with pale satin gleam.
Splendor of starlight dawning in the heavens;
Tender touch of twilight, and all the world a-dream.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS

I am going to the hills—

Will you come?

To the high and sunlit hills

Whence a thousand dancing rills

Leap in laughter to the vale, which is their home.

There all day the cedar tree

Breathes a fragrant mystery,

And the music of the pine the starlight fills.

Joy awaits us on the hills!

Will you come?

Leave the shadows in the glen;

Come with me!

Leave the busy marts of men;

Leave the plow, the sword, the pen;

Come and find the happier haunts of bird and bee.

Yea, and in this lifted place,

Find your own soul face to face,

Here where Silence broods and Thought is born
again.

Here where breath of life is free,

Come with me!

THE LIBRARY

O quiet room wherein the mighty dead
Live yet again at call!
O wondrous treasure house of Living Bread
That feeds us all!
O best loved books, in patient rows arrayed,
By day ye have no speech;
But in the silent night are ye astir,
Communing each with each?
When magic moonlight, in a silvery flood,
Lingers upon the shelves,
Like butterflies from out their chrysalides,
Rise ye yourselves?
Yea, Chaucer breathes again of youth and spring,
And Shelley sings his lay;
And Milton, in their joyous company,
Forgets his darkened day.
And Omar brings his roses and his wine,
Saadi his nightingale;
Shakespeare his human tragedies divine,
Within the moonlight pale.
Sappho, sweet-smiling, crowned with violets,
Brings love and tears;
And Homer bids Achilles and his host
Join battle with their peers.
But when the moonlight fades along the wall,
When dawn grows chill;
Each in his narrow house enfolded close
Then are ye still.
O quiet room, wherein the mighty dead
Stand motionless,
Those who come reverently, as to a shrine,
Thou hast the power to bless!

IN A JAPANESE GARDEN

Umè San, in the warm sunlight
Fills her arms with blossoms bright.

"Little Brother lies still and cold,
Little Brother a fortnight old.
The paper fish afloat in air
Scarce had time to wither there.
Over-tiny the tender feet
To wander alone where all roads meet
 The cold dark way to Meido.
I have gathered blossoms pink and white,
Little lanterns I've set alight.
They brighten the garden, but who can know
Whether the glimmer will reach and go
 To the shadowy realms of Meido?
Mother weeps both day and night,
Grandmother's face is wan and white,
'Who will guard our babe?' they say,
'Who will comfort his weary way?'
Little Brother a wee span long
Has a sister big and strong,
One sharp thrust at my bosom here—
One brave thrust—and no more fear
 For Little Brother in Meido!"

Umè San, in the warm sunlight,
Lieth cold; and her soul in flight
 Joyfully hastens to Meido!

THISTLEDOWN

Have you seen Azami in the garden?
Seen Azami flitting in the garden?

Like a blossom

Is her bosom;

Like gossamer

The locks of her.

Like butterfly

She floateth by.

The grass is stirring,

The cricket whirring,

She draweth nigh,

She floateth by.

No stop, no stay,

Alway, alway,

'Twixt bush and flower,

From field to bower,

She draweth nigh,

She floateth by.

Have you seen Azami in the garden?
Seen Azami flitting in the garden?

O YURI

We said goodnight at the garden gate;
The stars shone bright but the moon was late;
Like a great lantern, yellow, round,
She rose resplendent from the ground.

The cedar sighed, the poppies stirred;
The thicket uttered the voice of a bird—
The plaintive voice of the whipporwill—
A cricket chirped, then all was still.

O Yuri, tall and lily-fair,
With pale pure face and shadowy hair,
Sighed "Sayonara" at the gate.
The stars gleamed bright but the moon was late.

I kissed her hands, I turned to go;
The dusk was lit by the fireflies' glow;
The moon uprose from the dewy ground
Like a great lantern, yellow, round.

TWO AUTUMN DAYS

The year is at the full. Stored bitterness
Left from the buffetings of winter storms,
Rose with the sap and with the blossoms fell
Long days ago, while still the year was young,
Purging the vine; and now the ripened fruit
Is mellow to the rind, sweet to the core.
The tender skies brood over sleeping fields;
A golden mist lies in the valley's depths;
A vivid crimson flashes on the hills;
And generous impulse, rising from the heart,
Breaks on the lips in words of tenderness
And full forgiveness for another's fault.

All quietly in their allotted places
The dead are sleeping;
The cold autumnal mists, with waving arms,
Above them weeping;
The sunset smoulders in the west,
A sacrificial fire;
While smoke ascends, a thin and pallid ghost
From funeral pyre;
With heavy dews dripping from branch and bole—
Tears from an anguished soul.

COMPENSATION

I have a little garden, all my own,
With sweet flowers sown;
A hidden nook, that no one may espy
With curious eye.
O fair my garden is! Its blossoming trees
A-song with bees,
Its grass a-stir with myriad creeping things,
Its air, with wings.
No sorrows enter there; they needs must wait
Without the gate;
And I, like child within its mother's arms,
Know no alarms.
And oh! while yet my drudgery endures,
My garden lures!
But still I stay my feet, nor enter there,
Nor breathe its air,
While yet my daily task remains undone,
While shines the sun.
So slow the day! So slow the waning light!
So long till night!
And parched am I, and all athirst at soul
To reach my goal.
But when the twilight brings a grateful gloom,
In my still room
The bare walls glimmer with the ebbing day,
Then fade away;
And lo! a sudden wondrous blossoming,
And bees a-wing!
And all sweet fragrances upon the air—
My garden fair!
O Dreams! O Visions! Hand in hand are we
In Arcady!

THOU

L. A. G.

Lord God would write an epic, and the world,
New-moulded from the void, rolled into space,
And with heaven's glittering myriads took its place,
Sapphired with oceans and with sands empearled.

Lord God would write an elegy. Swift grew
Great Babylon and Memphis, Athens, Rome;
Only to perish under dust and loam
Of centuries, 'neath heaven's relentless blue.

Then the Lord God, not wholly satisfied,
Where the dawn glowed and trembled, dipped his
pen
And wrote a lyric. Ah! and then—and then
Thou—grave, tender, smiling, starry-eyed!

CLIMBING

Day through, on the plains, 'midst loud turmoil,
Body and soul asweat with toil,
Blindly I work for a foothold of soil.

Comes twilight, to the valley of dreams
I haste. Through mist the will-o'-wisp gleams;
And joy, elusive, lies near, meseems.

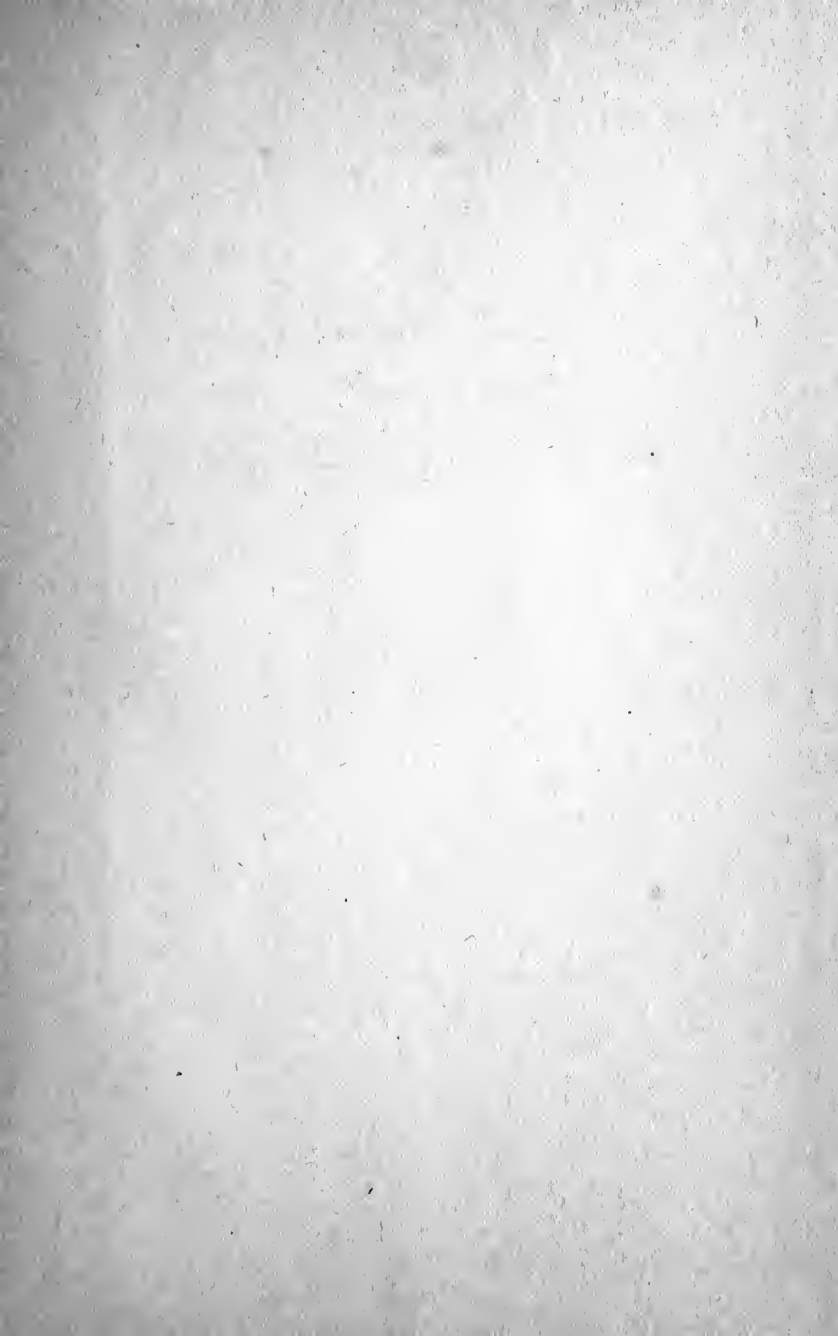
But oh! In the splendor of silent night,
Radiant, aglow with starry light,
Clear-seeing, my spirit walks on the height!

SUGGESTION

The hot winds stir the rustling grass,
And on my view a vision gleams—
Arabia burns, a sea of glass,
While on her hills Mohammed dreams.

White-stemmed, a living Parthenon,
In stately lines fair birches grow;
The topless towers of Ilion
Burn in the sunset's crimson glow.

I breathe the fragrance of a rose,
And Omar sings to me the while.
Upon the pool a lotos blows,
And lo, the centuries of the Nile!



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